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*nour Melman*

## HOW TO CUT THE MILITARY BUDGET BY $54 BILLION

***The Coup That Never Was*** *Marcio Moreira Alves*
***A Walk Through the 13th Century*** *John L. Herlihy*
***Mayor Stokes' West Side Story*** *Mary Dowling Daley*

***Bernadette Devlin's Autobiography*** *Philip Tracy*
***Ivan Gold's Sick Friends*** *Leonard Kriegel*
***Andrew Greeley in the Year 2000*** *Paul Hanly Furfey*
***James Fraser is Alive and Well*** *Bruce Vawter*

***The March on Washington*** *Joseph A. Page*
***Semi-Confronting the Issues*** *William R. MacKaye*
***A Tale of Two Speeches*** *Peter Steinfels*

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# NEWS & VIEWS

### Political Pornography

House majority leader Gerald Ford's threat of impeachment against Justice William O. Douglas unless Judge Clement Haynsworth got a Supreme Court seat was the raunchiest piece of politics to get through on TV, perhaps since Joe McCarthy swung the knife low on the young assistant in Joseph Welch's law office.

Ford didn't even have the decency to appear embarrassed over his job. He betrayed only slight discomfort —but just enough to telegraph that the real swordsman was Richard Nixon.

Tricky Dick, they used to call him. The name still fits. Nixon had Chief Justice Warren Burger muscling senators at cocktail parties in Haynsworth's behalf; with Ford he began the scarifying procedure; if he doesn't get that High Court seat for his man, there'll be enough castrati around Washington to fill a Palestrina choir.

It's scary, but you can't say you weren't warned. This is precisely the kind of "active-negative" response which Yale's James David Barber predicted for Nixon when Nixon faced a challenge to his judgment or person. It's part of what Barber calls Nixon's "crisis syndrome."

To go back to Douglas: it is extremely doubtful that Nixon and Ford can unseat Douglas, except by their own rules of the game.

Ford zeroes in on "past revelations" of Douglas' off-the-bench activities, by which he apparently means Douglas' board memberships and the stipends connected thereto. But the implications aren't what they might have been had the Judiciary Conference not reversed itself a month ago and stated that it made a mistake last June in forbidding Federal judges from accepting compensation for off-the-bench activities. The Conference said it was dropping that rule in favor of confidential reports on outside compensation.

It was an unfortunate retreat, but it strengthens Douglas' defense against the Nixon-Ford axis.

It didn't help Haynsworth, however. It was his *on*-the-bench activities which brought the clouds over his head. Senator Birch Bayh itemizes them:

"He sat on cases involving litigatees in which he had a financial interest; he purchased stock in corporations apt to appear before his court; he sat on cases involving customers of a corporation in which he was a major stockholder and for which he served as a director and vice-president; he sat on cases involving former clients."

That's a damning indictment, much too damning to be overlooked or to be weaseled out of by a deflection of charges to another. The latter tactic smacks of blackmail and is sick, sick, sick.

### Life on the Potomac

Missouri's Congressman Richard Bolling returns to the themes of his *House Out of Order* book with a hard-hitting piece in *Playboy* on the ailments of the lower chamber.

Bolling names names and points fingers, particularly at reactionary committee chairmen and fraudulent Southern Democrats.

Listed ingloriously among the pseudo-Democrat right-wingers is South Carolina's Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, whom Bolling terms "a Snopes who whispered support for Hubert Humphrey in the 1968 Presidential election while winking at the supporters of George Wallace."

What's a "Snopes"? The question bugged Rivers, not familiar enough with Faulkner's novels to recall his rural Mississippi family "the Snopeses."

*Stars and Stripes* reports that an aide to Rivers called Bolling's office to say that "the Chairman" had read the *Playboy* article and wanted to know the meaning of the word "Snopes." Dictionaries, the aide declared, provided no help.

"Well, it means white trash," the Bolling staffer responded.

"Oh, thank you," said Rivers' aide, and hung up.

### No Man's Land

The White House is busy denying reports that the real reason for Mrs. Nixon's cancellation of a planned four-day tour of several college campuses the week of Nov. 10 was to avoid anti-war protests.

Believe the White House and Mrs. Nixon "reluctantly agreed" to presidential physician Walter Tkach's "very strong recommendation" for convalescing from a case of the flu.

Ah, but we know.

### The Rockefeller Report

Vice President Agnew fires his salvos from the safe rearguard territory of the National Municipal League and regional Republican dinners. (He told *U.S. News and World Report* last September that he intended to stay away from liberal college campuses because they'd "disrupt" his talks.)

Last June a few campuses, like General Beadle College, were safe for Richard Nixon, but they're getting harder to find by the day. When's the last time you read of a Nixon campus visit?

The First Lady's tour was to take her to campuses in Colorado, Michigan, Missouri and Kentucky, but the actual itinerary was never announced. No need to wonder why.

In the last days of the Johnson Administration, LBJ was forced to confine his public appearances to military bases and aircraft carriers. That situation is building anew. The students have the White House on the run. Spiro, Dick, now Pat.

There ought to be a message in there somewhere for the Administration on the direction of the national mood.

### Odds 'n Ends

—Anxious to dramatize that it's not just young radicals who use strong words, defense attorney William Kunstler of Chicago's Conspiracy 8 finally extracted from Red Squad-er Rodriguez the admission that cops did occasionally mutter a curse . . . but nothing stronger than "son of a gun."

—Columnists Mankiewicz and Braden, commenting on the Army's use of a superdefoliant in Vietnam (2,4,5T), which has been known for three years to cause deformed births in test animals at a rate of 100 percent: "Not since the Romans salted the land after destroying Cathage has a nation taken pains to visit the war upon future generations."

JOHN DEEDY



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# CORRESPONDENCE

### *Ecstasy for the Masses*

Newton Centre, Mass.

To the Editors: *Commonweal Papers: 4* on the Church in the Year 2,000 was most interesting, but it treated religion as if it were a matter chiefly of theological, moral, ecclesiastical, and sociological concerns, the whole to be presided over by a collection of intellectuals. Where is the fire to be found to breathe life into these dry bones?

The glaring omission (unless you believe that the Church of the Future is to be a hollow shell) is that, outside of a slight bow in Arthur Gibson's "New Heaven and New Earth," you have paid little attention to ecstasy and personal religious experience, which has, according to William James, "its root and center in mystical states of consciousness." Do you believe that the Christian church, that owes so much to the martyrs, Francis, Eckhart, Loyola, Teresa, John of the Cross, Pascal, and Chardin; not to speak of Luther, George Fox, Wesley, and a host of other men of passion of all ages, ancient and modern, can afford to turn its back on ecstasy?

I could find not a single reference to the hippies, who may turn out to be activating the most pervading and significant religious movement of our times. Is the church going to ignore them or reject them simply because, like Francis' early followers, they put on ragged clothing and beg bread? If one is to judge a movement by its fruits we may well ponder the astonishing outcomes of the Woodstock Festival! I have recently circulated a questionnaire among a miscellaneous collection of those who have used the psychedelic drugs, most of them to be classified as hippies. Of over 100 replies that I have received so far there has been *not a single one* who does not report at least some of the elements of a religious experience much more profound than

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## PLEA TO THE BISHOPS

The Catholic church in America, as elsewhere, is in trouble. This is something that is known to the most casual observer. Lay people are increasingly disaffected, and clergy and religious seem even more so; one perhaps high estimate has it that last year alone three thousand priests in this country gave up the active ministry and nine thousand nuns left their convents. The dimensions of the problem facing the church in America are large.

When one says, "facing the church in America," it means, in fact although not in theory, facing the bishops, and that is part of the problem. It is, of course, only part; blaming everything on the bishops is all too easy, but it is overly simple. What started as a crisis of reform has for many escalated into a crisis of belief, involving the truth or falsity of the most central questions of Christianity. For those caught up in such a spiritual crisis, the role of the bishops is only one factor in the picture, and not normally the most important one. For many others, however, the actions of the bishops greatly affect the church's credibility; this may be particularly true of the very many priests and religious who are tired of being treated like children.

It is for this reason that the address to the just concluded bishops' meeting by the Rev. Patrick O'Malley is of potentially great importance. The first priest ever to address the hierarchy of the United States on priestly problems, Father O'Malley spoke as president of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, an organization of 32 official and unofficial groups across the country, representing 7,000 of America's 55,000 priests. Between these priests and their bishops a "trust gap" exists, Father O'Malley told the assembled hierarchy, and what is needed is a "radical change in the decision-making nature of the church." The alternative, he said, would be "revolution instead of evolution," and to prevent this the bishops should do three things: 1) admit that they cannot run everything by themselves and "begin to ask us for help"; 2) include priests elected by their fellows as full voting members in the next bishops' meeting; and 3) build on this step as the first move toward the formation of a national policy-making body that would include representatives of the total church. Such a group would be



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charged with responsibility for many of the decisions now made exclusively by bishops, from fiscal policies to the right stance on social issues and the proper method of selecting bishops, leaving to the hierarchy matters of church doctrine. The National Conference of Bishops would continue to function, with one important difference: "It will only make decisions affecting the whole church when that church, in some representative way, is included in the discussion and decision-making." The proposal that is being made, in short, is very much in keeping with the idea of a national pastoral council as envisioned by the Second Vatican Council; such a body already exists in Holland and one is being planned for Canada, but the American bishops have so far shown a distinct lack of interest in the idea.

We earnestly urge the bishops to adopt Father O'Malley's proposals, and quickly—indeed, the tragic thing is that for many even an immediate acceptance of the idea will come too late. No one knows the number of priests who have already left their ministry because they were never consulted about anything more important than the color of the rectory rug (if that!), and many laymen have grown tired, as Father O'Malley put it, of playing ecclesiastical games in which they are asked to serve on parish councils under the control of pastors who "have no intention of sharing their authority and responsibility."

In asking shared authority, Father O'Malley surely represented many; for them, part of the crisis facing the church is a crisis of confidence in religious leadership, from top to bottom. Here the bishops can help mightily. It is late in the game—the Council ended, after all, in 1965—but it is still possible for the American hierarchy to set a good example to others in authority by themselves demonstrating a real determination to implement the spirit of the Council. Some observers have commented that giving time to Father O'Malley was in itself something of a departure for the bishops; let us hope that this is a good sign for the future of his proposals for shared authority. The bishops should know that Father O'Malley spoke for more than the clergy in this country when he affirmed love for the church but went on to say: "We will do anything for the church, except sit quietly and do nothing."

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**POLITICIZING WOODSTOCK**

# THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON

In the cluttered kitchen of the Metropolitan African Methodist Episcopal Church, young medics were working feverishly over a couple of stricken street fighters stretched out on tables, prone and very still. Word passed that they had been maced. Others who had been temporarily overcome by C.S. gas sat on chairs and waited for help. In the church itself, one of many Mobe hospital centers hastily set up to handle the influx of demonstrators into Washington, a young man addressed the crowd with ill-disguised sarcasm: "I want to thank all you Yippies, SDS'ers, Weathermen, Mad Dogs and Crazies for what you have just contributed to our efforts for peace." There were angry shouts from the militants who had taken refuge in the church. One of them, given the opportunity to reply, said in effect that they had been going down the street, minding their own business, about to make a peaceful visit to the South Vietnamese Embassy to serve an eviction notice, when suddenly the pigs had attacked, and when the pigs attack, you have to fight back.

His interpretation seemed to be sincere. It failed to convince any of the people streaming into the church in flight from the tear gas the wind had blown from Dupont Circle.

The youthful militant had done neither himself nor his comrades full justice. Their wild charge down Massachusetts Avenue toward the South Vietnamese Embassy as well as their uproarious assault on the "so-called" Justice Department were magnificent spectacles in the Theater of the Absurd which now passes for revolutionary action on the ultra-ultra left. Perhaps the grand climax, at some future march on Washington, will take off on an Eisenstein film and have hoards of Yippies and their friends scrambling up the capitol grounds in an attempt to take over Speaker McCormack's office.

Despite the success of the militants on a theatrical level, they undoubtedly failed to satisfy the needs of the Nixon Administration. Government officials had predicted widespread violence and had released stories of troop movements in and around Washington in a vain attempt to hold down the size of the crowd. The huge throng which assembled made it very clear that the militants were a tiny and isolated minority. The young Mobe marshals effectively preserved order, and the District of Columbia police remained generally good-humored, even after participating in the militants' sideshows. Spiro Agnew's attack on the communications media backfired, as the networks and the press gave objective coverage to the proceedings and did not overplay the violent outbreaks. Even the elements were against the Administration. At a Friday afternoon demonstration in front of the Justice Department, a situation which could have led to violence was averted when a heavy rain dispersed the crowd.

This leaves the Administration with two splotches of red paint on the Justice Department building and the



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memory of red, black and Vietcong flags on Pennsylvania Avenue as the only real raw material for the production of a backlash. They will have a relatively easy time if they decide to crack down on the militants, who have been photographed and infiltrated to an amazing degree. The government can also use the newest weapon in its arsenal of persecution by trial, in which victims can be tied down by lengthy criminal proceedings which need not result in conviction to inflict punishment. It will be a bit more difficult to use the events of November 13-15 to discredit the entire peace movement, but no doubt Spiro will be unleashed again, and one should not underestimate, to use Dave Dellinger's phrase, "The Nixon Administration's Nixon."

A main objective of the Mobe was to link the anti-war issue to some of the underlying structural defects in American society. At the same time, a principal element behind the success of the demonstrations was the spirit of Woodstock, a youth-culture phenomenon as yet untranslated into political significance. A considerable gap spans the old-line pacifists and radicals and the legions of young people who made the whole thing so beautiful. The latter have the potential to mount political action to reconstruct and then fulfill the American dream, if they are not totally frustrated by Nixon-Agnew-Mitchell and their silent majority of mesmerized consumer-spectators. The danger is that the Administration will continue to polarize the country under its "Bring Us Together" theme. One young demonstrator last Saturday carried a grim reminder of what such a policy will mean—a sign reading "Nixon, This Is Our Last March: The Fire Next Time." JOSEPH A. PAGE

*(Joseph A. Page, a frequent contributor, teaches law at Georgetown University.)*

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**THE BISHOPS MEET**

# SEMI-CONFRONTING THE ISSUES

Though the coincidence was fortuitous, it was strikingly appropriate that the nation's Roman Catholic bishops snapped their suitcases closed and caught their planes out of Washington as the largest crowd of citizen-petitioners ever to assemble in the capital arrived to plead for an end to the Vietnam war.

Hundreds of religious leaders—including priests and nuns—joined the quarter-million war protestors on their march from the capitol to the Washington Monument. On the other side, right-wing radio evangelist Dr. Carl McIntyre turned up to call for victory at any price.

But the bishops went home. As John Cardinal Dearden of Detroit, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, explained in almost an excess of candor, the hierarchy had nothing new to say on the war.

The main notice they took of the Vietnam conflict was in the context of a Mass for Peace offered at the National Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, earlier in the week, in which many bishops participated. Special music for the occasion was sung by the Catholic choirs of the three military academies. As the Mass was beginning, six Catholics, one a priest with a supply of anti-war leaflets prepared by the Catholic Peace Fellowship, were arrested in front of the building on complaint of the shrine's director for "unlawful entry upon private property."

Although the bishops were not moved to comment on the war, or even the shrine staff's remarkable method of insulating them from other people's opinions of the war, a similar taciturnity did not deter them from reviewing certain other moral questions of the moment.

During their five-day meeting they reaffirmed their opposition voiced in 1959 and 1966 to government research and programs in the field of birth control, what they called "government programs against the right to life."

They hammered out a 4800-word defense of mandatory priestly celibacy, declaring firmly that "in historical and theological perspective it is not realistic to expect that a change in the church's general discipline regarding celibacy is forthcoming." The bishops carefully scrutinized the initial draft prepared by San Antonio's Archbishop Francis Furey and his committee; among other emendations, they ordered insertion of a sentence averring that the celibate priest's "model and intimate associate is Mary, the Mother of God and humble handmaid of the Lord."

The bishops spent a chunk of their final day together reviewing the problems raised by contemporary religious education texts. Bishop Raymond Venesh of Joliet noted that the new style texts had enraged many parents in his diocese. Bishop Raymond Fletcher of Little Rock was alarmed that the Sadlier series failed to teach pupils in the early grades the distinction between mortal and venial sins. But no one (at least according to the bishops' press spokesmen) suggested that some of the parents battling the new catechetical materials might be doing so because they don't want their children taught orthodox Catholic doctrine. After nearly a dozen speeches, the bishops disposed of the problem by setting up a committee to investigate Catholic textbooks.

Father Charles Sullivan, an Alabama cleric on leave of absence who sat in the Bishops' meeting room for five hours one day after bursting in uninvited, offered a com-



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ment that may help to explain why the conference exuded the tone it did. His admittedly partisan assessment: "The meeting was for all practical purposes controlled by Cardinals McIntyre, O'Boyle, Krol and Wright. You heard Dearden's voice because he presided. Almost the only time you ever heard the other 200 bishops was when they made their reports, were clapping and agreeing with a report, or laughing at one of McIntyre's or O'Boyle's corny comments. It was like a boring Holy Name meeting with the above four cardinals as spiritual directors."

Yet, despite Father Sullivan's assertion that other bishops "lack the courage to organize and confront McIntyre and company," there were small signs that an opposition to the old guard is cautiously taking form. Twenty bishops voted "no" to the birth control declaration. The celibacy statement garnered just three votes more than the two-thirds approval it needed to become an official statement of the hierarchy; the opponents to giving it such status made little effort to conceal their distaste. Bishop Joseph Breitenbeck of Grand Rapids, one of the opponents, explained delicately that he and others felt that "a certain number of priests . . . were simply not prepared to welcome another statement" on celibacy. Moreover, both Bishop Breitenbeck and Archbishop Philip M. Hannan of New Orleans, who once was an auxiliary to Cardinal O'Boyle, suggested that the bishops might soon find themselves discussing the possibility of ordaining married men to the priesthood. In such circumstances, they might find elements of their November 1969 statement a little inconvenient.

If the reform-minded among the bishops were tempted to temporize in their quest for an updating of the church in America, they found plenty of lobbyists in the corridors of the Statler-Hilton Hotel eager to scourge them onwards. Representatives of unofficial pressure groups, almost all of them vociferously progressive, have now multiplied so exuberantly that it is impossible for the bishops to ignore them.

Father Patrick O'Malley, president of the National Federation of Priests' Councils, who found no hearing in Houston seven months ago because his group "lacked juridical standing," was invited this time to address a plenary session. He told bishops to get busy establishing a national pastoral council to give representative priests, religious and laymen some say in church affairs.

Father Donald M. Clark, president of the Black Catholic Clergy Caucus, did even better. He pried out of the bishops the creation of an autonomous "National Office for Black Catholics," which the bishops will finance at least in part but which will be controlled by a board elected by black priests, religious and, ultimately, laymen. The office, moreover, is going to tell the bishops how to run their business insofar as it affects black members of the church. When one bishop inquired whether there was any precedent for the Bishops' Conference to establish an autonomous agency, Cardinal Dearden told him Cardinal O'Boyle established the precedent last year by selling the conference on creating the independent "human life foundation" which finances research on the rhythm method.

Other bodies eager to tell the bishops what to do—the National Association of Laymen, the Society of Priests for a Free Ministry, the Women's Liberation Movement, the Black United Front of Washington, among others—did less well in promoting their agendas. But Cardinal Dearden and Bishop Joseph M. Bernardin, the Conference's general secretary, successfully promoted the idea that every group that asked for time would get the opportunity to present its ideas to a committee for subsequent reporting to the floor.

Meantime, the conference standing committees cranked out reports, approved by the bishops with little flurry, that inevitably will alter the shape of yesterday's Catholic life. The bishops called upon themselves to set up clear litigation schemes in every diocese. The plan was obviously designed to head off recurrent deadlocked scraps like the ones between Cardinal McIntyre and the IHM nuns or Cardinal O'Boyle and his priestly critics of *Humanae Vitae*. They endorsed almost in toto new (and at some points dramatically different) English language rites for the Mass, Baptism and Marriage.

But despite these modest advances, there was more than a little truth to another of Father Sullivan's bleak observations: "The house is on fire and they're worrying about the color of the curtains." WILLIAM R. MACKAYE

*(William R. MacKaye specializes in reporting on religion for* The Washington Post.*)*

# Mayor Stokes' West Side Story

Cleveland's charismatic black Mayor picked up his most surprising vote gains in the November 4 elections in two predominantly white West Side wards. The sociological composition of the area is such that some might consider it a bailiwick of Richard Milhous Nixon's "forgotten people." In Ward 7, Carl Stokes received 35.2 percent of the vote as against 28.5 percent in 1967; in Ward 8 he received 32 percent to '67's 22.8 percent. Stokes' 1967 vote in the two wards was 2411; his plurality in the entire city, 3753. The increases were achieved in a heavily European ethnic section of the city against Republican Ralph Perk, the son of Czechoslovak immigrants.

Experts had said all along that the battle would be won or lost on the white West Side. A drop in registration of 10,000 East Side Negro voters had made the West Side performance all the more critical. (The Mayor's actual vote in some all-black wards dropped by more than 7000.) The "near" West Side, or Wards 7 and 8, just



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over the bridge from downtown Cleveland, is still the kind of melting pot New York City was in the early 1900's. The population is a mix of Southern Appalachians fleeing the poverty of West Virginia and Kentucky, first and second-generation Europeans (Czechs, Slovenians, Hungarians, Russians, Ukrainians, Poles, Greeks, Germans and Italians), Anglo-Saxon Protestants and Irish Catholics, Puerto Ricans and relocated American Indians. Only a possible 5 percent are Negroes.

For the most part the people are poor because underemployed or on welfare, or are slightly better-off blue-collar steel, automotive and other factory workers who live in houses with small, neat yards; the kind of people who for American journalists have become a symbol of white backlash.

The near West Side has its share of problems: Saturday night shootings at bars, glue-sniffing and beer-drinking by minors, racial and national tensions among gangs of kids. Though the near West Side has its gentle people too, some people on the far (and more affluent) West Side consider it pretty rough territory. White liberals living in Cleveland's integrated East Side suburbs have suspected it to be a hotbed of bigotry.

Why did such a potentially hostile area (frequently hostile in practice) up Carl Stokes' margin so dramatically? Cleveland newspaper reporters have arbitrarily attributed the Mayor's success in Wards 7 and 8 to "a large influx of Puerto Rican voters" and to "the Democratic party's decision to expose Stokes to large numbers of West Side voters during the last weeks of the campaign."

Sorry, wrong on both counts. The Puerto Rican population is fairly stable, and has not experienced any tremendous upsurge in the two years since 1967; even now the total count of registered Puerto Rican voters in 7 and 8 is only 788. Though the Puerto Ricans were solidly behind Carl Stokes, worked hard for his election, and gave him probably his most jubilant campaign reception on the West Side, they comprise only 7.6 percent of the near West Side voting population.

On the second count, "exposure to West Side voters," the Mayor owes the Democratic party less than he thinks. (Most West Side Democratic councilmen avoided being seen with him during the campaign.) Weeks, and even months before Election Day, large numbers of near-West Side voters had made up their minds to vote for Carl Stokes.

In mid-October, not long after Robert Kelly's bitter law-and-order primary campaign had stirred up the old hates and the "nigger" talk, Stokes canvassers warily picked up their telephones to find out the lay of the land. What they discovered was substantial support for the Mayor, some purely on the basis of party loyalty ("My husband wouldn't care if a man was blue, green or purple, so long as he was a Democrat"), but just as much based on performance. "He's for the underdog," an elderly Italian voter said with a heavy accent. "This town had been dead for 20 years until he took over," said another voter. "He's a good man, whether he's white or black," commented a lady with a West Virginia accent. "And I surely appreciate those new lights down the street."

A resident of a Polish, Russian and Ukrainian precinct observed that services were beginning to improve in the neighborhood, and that Mayor Stokes "is always the perfect gentleman." (Little old ladies love to watch the Mayor on television. "He's smooth as wax," one said. "I noticed Mr. Perk's collar was rumpled last week when I saw him.")

A neighborhood organizer, asked why a group of Southern Appalachians, who had been angry with the Mayor in the spring, now intended to vote for him: "It's simple. They know he's halfway responsive to their needs. They want to be sure they have the same guy to fight this time. Let's face it. Stokes has made poor people's claims legitimate. He's legitimized community control."

It should be pointed out, however, that the racists were still there, passing out hate literature, and that a couple of West Side windows with Stokes signs were shattered by bullets and rocks.

An important factor in "The West Side Story," as the *Cleveland Press* called Stokes' win, was the tight and bouncy campaign run in Wards 7 and 8 by Bill Hale, young Texas-raised director of the West Side Community House. "We didn't have any money, but we had the manpower," Hale says. The votes were there, and Hale was determined to get them. The regular Democratic party offered no help, but a grass roots corps of dedicated neighborhood workers had sprung up; swarms of college students from Oberlin, Antioch, Wooster College and Ohio State descended on the office on Election Day to help get voters to the polls. "Perk simply didn't have the manpower or the personal contacts over here in 7 and 8," Hale maintains. MARY DOWLING DALEY

*(Mary Dowling Daley has published articles on a wide variety of subjects in the* New York Times, Christian Science Monitor *and the* Washington Star.)

**NEXT WEEK**

*Commonweal's* Christmas book issue will feature Neil P. Hurley writing on the real-life implications, philosophical and theological, of popular science-fiction themes.

There will also be a lengthy interview-conversation with energetic novelist, sometime poet Joyce Carol Oates. Linda Kuehl is the party of the first part.

Finally, several of our critic-friends will list their Christmas book recommendations.



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# A Tale Of Two Speeches

On November 6, Nicholas Johnson, member of the Federal Communications Commission, gave a speech. Talking to the National Citizens Committee for Broadcasting, a group of impudent snobs who bluster about trying to improve the quality of television, Commissioner Johnson denounced the diet of super-triviality which TV networks force-feed the public. He raised questions about "the adverse effects of television upon juvenile delinquency, upon violence, upon race relations." He warned of the impact of TV's "commercial emphasis . . . on the 'fast, fast, fast relief' for all of life's problems and its cardboard and plastic soap-opera view of the world." Said Mr. Johnson: it is important to "recognize the tremendous power—just raw, crass, political, economic power—that this industry has."

Mr. Johnson's remarks were not featured on the evening news, nor would they have been even if the Commissioner had delivered them in the nude or while hoisting a pig's head on a pike. As the chief, and often sole, champion on the FCC of the public's right to control television Mr. Johnson is not beloved by the industry. Nor is he beloved by the White House, which promptly and repeatedly requested a transcript of the Commissioner's speech, presumably because Johnson had charged the President with reaching an agreement with the networks in making his two recent appointments to the FCC.

The presumption was wrong. The White House, had bigger things in mind, namely the preparation of Spiro T. Agnew's jeremiad against television news coverage.

Much of Mr. Agnew's message only repeated what critics of the television industry have been saying for years: that an enormous power to form or deform, inform or misinform public opinion is concentrated in the hands of a relatively few individuals, with a relatively narrow range of biases, and responsible only to their corporate employers and, ultimately, to the iron rule of profit. Examples abound of subtle and not-so-subtle pre-censorship of views falling outside the network's middle-of-the-road perspective. Just ask Joan Baez.

Nor is the Vice-President mistaken in suggesting that TV neglects nuanced spokesmen for the *grands simplificateurs,* like Stokely Carmichael or William Buckley—or Spiro T. Agnew.

There were, however, some things the noble Spiro forgot to mention.

Like Mr. Nixon's statement after his defeat in the 1962 California gubernatorial election: "I can only say thank God for television for keeping the newspapers a little more honest." Or Nixon's prescription for the '68 presidential race: "We're going to build this whole campaign around television"—and the frightening account of how he did exactly that, in *The Selling of the President 1968.*

He forgot to mention that the Far Right spends at least $50 million a year for radio and television propaganda.

He forgot to mention that the Kerner report on civil disorders devoted a whole chapter to the news media's treatment of "civil disorders"; and while it made some specific criticisms of TV riot coverage, its close content analysis of TV footage found twice as many "calm" sequences as "emotional" ones. "Moderate Negro leaders were shown more frequently than militant leaders on television news broadcasts," it added. The report's "fundamental criticism" was that "the news media have failed to analyze and report adequately on racial problems in the United States."

"In contrast to what some of its critics have charged," the Kerner report said, "television sometimes may have leaned over too far backward in seeking balance and restraint. . . . The media—especially television—also failed to present and analyze to a sufficient extent the basic reasons for the disorders."

If the Vice President had wanted a list of subjects which the network consensus has more or less slighted, he could have turned to a recent magazine article by Nat Hentoff. How about a *serious* discussion of the position of the Black Panthers, asks Hentoff. Or of the Justice Department's outlook on dissent? Or of the Nader report on Federal regulatory agencies?

Mr. Agnew, needless to say, was not interested in that kind of advice.

Will the networks, after making their brave little stand, promptly cave in to Administration pressure? The odds are not good. After all, when Nixon appointed Dean Burch, Goldwater's '64 campaign manager and former chairman of the Republican National Committee, to head the FCC (which is a little like Pompidou appointing Charles de Gaulle as chief news commentator for France), the networks cheered.

Nicholas Johnson made concrete proposals for controlling and decentralizing TV's power, for encouraging "a multitude of tongues." Spiro Agnew only announced the Nixon Administration's devotion to a policy of One Big Mouth. PETER STEINFELS



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# HOW TO CUT THE MILITARY BUDGET BY $54 BILLION

SEYMOUR MELMAN

In the name of defense, the government of the United States has constructed the most formidable military establishment in the world. It includes: 3.5 million uniformed personnel and 1.2 million civilians; 18 army divisions; 35,000 aircraft; 347 warships; over $200 billion in physical assets; 29 million acres of U.S. land; over 2,000 foreign bases and military locations; 10's of thousands of nuclear warheads; and 4,200 deliverable nuclear warheads mounted in vehicles (missiles and planes) of intercontinental range.

The effect of this military power includes a capability for killing any other society many times over. With only 156 Soviet cities with populations of 100,000 or more, the U.S. clearly wields overkill power of staggering, even if unknown, dimension. It is meaningless to determine whether this dimension is two, twenty, two hundred or two thousand.

Nevertheless, the one thing that the Department of Defense cannot deliver is the defense of the United States, in the elemental sense of shielding the nation.

In the nuclear era they can destroy us, we can destroy them and it doesn't matter who moves first.

Furthermore, this destruction can now be carried out by multiple means. There is overkill in nuclear weapons. There is overkill in biological weapons. There is overkill in chemical weapons. A hundred million doses of nerve gas are stockpiled in steel containers in the Army's Chemical Warfare branch outside Denver. Since the Kennedy Administration, the United States has been mass-producing biological warfare materials. There are multiple delivering systems for nuclear warheads: missiles, planes, mines, balloons, rockets, torpedoes and demolition kits; as well as for bacterial and other weapons.

I shall outline here a set of proposals that have been sent to each Member of the Congress. These proposals would reduce the overkill system so that, before any disarmament agreements, there would remain an armed force of 2.3 million, a nuclear delivery system of staggering dimension and naval and other forces of enormous size. Therefore, let no one call the consequence of what I am about to outline "disarmament" or "unilateral disarmament." I shall also outline a series of budget reductions totaling $54 billion. The purpose of the budget reductions is: first, to improve the military security of the United States, for reduction of military tension systems would achieve this effect; and second, to emphasize that this is the essential step for making funds available for serving the requirements of life in this and other societies.

We should appreciate where we stand. Even though the United States has a Gross National Product of $900 billion for 200 million people, $4,500 of GNP per person, we are a depleted society. What is a depleted society?

- 40.7 percent of the young men examined by the Selective Service in the last recorded year were rejected on grounds of being physically or educationally incompetent. That is a depleted society.
- The United States ranks 18th among nations in the world in infant mortality rates. Sweden ranks the lowest at 12/1,000 compared to the United States' 23/1,000. The difference is 40,000 infant fatalities a year. That is a depleted society.
- In 1950 there were 105 M.D.'s in private practice

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for each 100,000 citizens. There are now 98. That is a depleted society.

- An average of 25 percent of the nursing posts budgeted in our hospitals stand vacant. That is a depleted society.
- Ten million Americans live with hunger as a sustaining condition. That is a depleted society.
- The American College of Surgeons warns that half of the emergency ambulances in the United States are operated by morticians. That is a depleted society.
- Half of the school buildings in New York City are in violation of the city's own building code. That is a depleted society.
- 64 percent of the basic metalworking machinery used in American industry is ten years old or over, giving the United States the distinction of operating the oldest stock of metalworking machinery of any major industrial country in the world. That is a depleted society.
- The steel industry, the machine tool industry, the civilian electronics industry and the shipbuilding industry are incompetent as producers of ordinary products able to hold their place even in domestic, let alone world, markets. That is a depleted society.

*Reasons*

Why do we have such depletion with a Gross National Product of $4,500 per person? Because an important part of that $4,500 consists of parasitic rather than productive growth. Productive growth means goods and services that are part of the level of living that can be used for further production. Parasitic growth means goods and services, however well paid for, that are not part of the level of living and cannot be used for further production. Military and allied activity are parasitic economic growth. They absorb a lion's share of the technical brains of this society. Lacking this stock of skilled manpower imposes pervasive shortages on the rest of the productive capability of the American economic system.

We have spent over $1,000 billion for military purposes since the Second World War, but have not purchased security. However, since 1961 we *have* purchased a state management system that has replaced the so-called military-industrial complex. The state management, owing to the energies of Kennedy, Johnson and McNamara, is like the central administrative organization of large multidivision firms. This central office, staffed with about 55,000 persons, operating out of Washington, D.C., dominates the largest network of submanagement and industrial resources in the world. As in most modern corporations, this management does not own the underlying facilities. The state management in the Pentagon exercises control and that is sufficient.

The operations of the state management and its normal institutionalized intensity for extending its decision power explain many things. For instance, although the continued piling up of nuclear and other overkill is militarily irrational and humanly meaningless, it is eminently serviceable to a management striving to sustain or enlarge its industrial sway. No industrial management operates to diminish its decision power, and this is no exception. There is another consideration that tells of tension within the United States. That can be summarized as an issue of economic development or race war.

The under-classes of American society, the impoverished whites, blacks, Spanish Americans, Indians and others now understand that economic underdevelopment need not be their lot. The combination of higher mortality rate and limited life span, high incidence of certain diseases through life, limited education, limited literacy, limited productivity and limited income is called economic underdevelopment everywhere in the world. To change this requires economic development and investment in what economists call human capital. Human capital means investment in the capability and opportunity for productive employment. Allowing for approximately 7½ million economically underdeveloped equivalent family units, each needing an average outlay of $50,000 over a 10 year period, the total requirement for economic development is $375 billion, or an annual average of $37 billion. Such an operation is unfeasible at the present time. Even if the Congress were to vote the funds, the hands and brains needed to carry out the requisite work are occupied elsewhere.

The pressure for more equality along racial and economic lines in the United States can only be met by making economic development possible. Otherwise this pressure leads to a collision course in many facets of life. How are the universities to greatly enlarge admissions? How can they make up for backwardness induced by poor public and secondary schools? With present resources, the admission of blacks and Spanish Americans on a large scale may only be effected by limiting the white admissions. Then we will be on the road to race confrontation even in the universities.

The same pattern prevails elsewhere. 48 percent of white America is in white collar occupations, while only 22 percent of nonwhite Americans is so engaged. In order to equalize economic opportunity, 26 percent of the nonwhites gainfully employed must move into white collar occupations. The workable issue is not how to divide up the present economic pie, but dividing up a larger pie *so that the gain for one need not be the loss for another*. In fact, the gain for one would be a gain for all. In order to have that option, instead of race confrontation, there must be a process of general economic development. However, that is thoroughly checkmated today by the priority given to military and related activity in this society.



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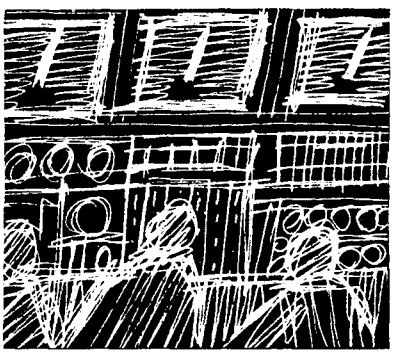
Since 1961 the design of U.S. Armed Forces has been oriented to fighting three wars at once: a war (nuclear) in the NATO area, a war in the China area and a lesser military action in Latin America. This war plan does not constitute the defense of the United States. Rather, it is a basis for world-wide political hegemony by wielding military force.

At President Nixon's first press conference he suggested that what the nation needed in the sphere of defense was "sufficiency." Very well—what is "sufficiency?" In my view this should mean: (1) before disarmament is agreed, operation of a strategic deterrent force; (2) guarding the shores of the United States; and (3) capability for participating in international peacekeeping efforts. However, these criteria for military security exclude the following: (1) building up a nuclear first-strike capability against the Soviet Union or any other nation—it is precisely that capability which is being built up by enlarging the present nuclear delivery system as much as tenfold with a multiple warhead program called MIRV (Multiple Independently-Targetable Reentry Vehicles): and (2) the objective of conducting a program of Vietnam type wars. I judge



these latter goals as contrary to the security of the United States. It is emphasized that after the substantial reductions recommended here are made, each for reason of merit, the Armed Forces of the United States would still consist of 2.3 million men operating masses of missile aircraft and naval forces of staggering power.

*Incremental costs of the Vietnam war.* A military expenditure of 20 billion per year pays for the *incremental* cost of the Vietnam war, that includes the additional ammunition, fuel matérial, etc. used up in fighting it. The Congress would instruct the President and the Department of Defense to terminate this war if they reduced the budget by this amount. (*$20,000 mill.*)

*Reducing additions to strategic overkill.* It is clear that no present or foreseeable research effort will make it possible for the armed forces of the United States, or any other nation, to destroy a person or a community more than once. Nevertheless, the nuclear forces and delivery systems of the United States have been built up with multiples of overkill. With present capability for delivering 11,000 nuclear warheads (of these, 4,200 by intercontinental vehicles) and only 156 Soviet cities with populations of 100,000 or more, continuing the buildup of these forces is absurd.

*New nuclear weapons production.* The proposed budget for the Atomic Energy Commission includes funds for further production of nuclear materials and weapons which should be stopped as being militarily and humanly unreasonable. (*$1,518 mill.*)

*Research, development, test and evaluation.* A major part of new military research activity is oriented to new strategic weapons delivery systems, which adds to the proliferation of overkill forces. (*$5,000 mill.*)

*Poseidon and Minuteman III.* These "new generation" intercontinental missiles (with MIRV) would enlarge the U.S. stock of nuclear warheads by a factor of about 10, and perhaps allow for an increased calculated accuracy for a few hundred yards closer to target. This is bound to be perceived through Soviet eyes as an intended first-strike threat to their missile systems. (*$1,000 mill.*)

*ABM.* The proposed antiballistic missile system has been the subject of exhaustive debate. The technical workability of the system is under grave doubt on the grounds of complexity and the experience with an unsuccessful attempt to build an antiaircraft defense system. Although the antiaircraft system is much simpler, we know from a principal designer of this system (Dr. Jerome Wiesner of MIT) that it has failed. There is the further prospect that the construction of an ABM system will serve to escalate fear among nations and hence drive forward an already irrational arms race. (*$904 mill.*)

*Chemical and Biological warfare.* Since 1961 the United States has been producing and stockpiling increasing quantities of lethal chemical and biological warfare materials. This mass production means more overkill weapons systems. In addition, the very existence of these materials, in quantities, exposes the people of the United States to grave hazards because of possible accidents in the handling of lethal, self-propagating organisms. (*$350 mill.*)

*Advanced Manned Strategic Aircraft.* In the face of already existing massive overkill capability, the proposal to build additional and new highspeed bombers seems to be only another example of organizational and industrial empire-building. (*$102 mill.*)

*Bomber defense system (SAGE).* It has long been understood that the Soviets do not have meaningful long-range bomber capability. When this is coupled with the known defects in the functioning of the SAGE-type system, there is no reason for incurring the large cost that operating it would involve, especially as it would add little to the defense of the United States. (*$1,000 mill.*)

*Surface to air missiles.* Former Pentagon staff have indicated that substantial savings could be made by holding back on major spending for ineffective antiaircraft



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missiles, and deferring production on apparently inadequate designs. (*$850 mill.*)

Overkill also exists in other than strategic or nuclear forms. The Federal Budget includes many items which add to our overkill capability in conventional wars. These items, some of which I shall enumerate below, must also undergo reductions in order to prevent waste and contain the proliferation of the military.

*Vietnam war manpower.* The Vietnam war uses about 639,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen, at an annual cost of $10,000 per man. As the Congress instructs the Department of Defense and the President to refrain from operating wars of intervention, these 639,000 men would not be required. (*$6,390 mill.*)

*Surplus military manpower.* Analysts in the Department of Defense have reported that substantial savings could be made in all the services by a 10 percent cut in "support" forces, which have been unjustifiably large compared with other armies of the world. In addition, manpower savings could be effected by reducing the large category of "transient" personnel. The result of these two reductions is $4.2 billion, using the $10,000 per man year figure. (*$4,200 mill.*)

*Tactical aircraft programs.* Specialists in the aviation field have indicated that elimination of overly elaborate and impractical electronic systems, and concentration on simpler (hence, more reliable) aircraft would make possible savings on a large scale. (*$1,800 mill.*)

*Attack carriers.* The United States now operates 15 attack carrier forces. Their justification is based on the 3-wars-at-once policy. Even a beginning of reasonable economy in the use of these forces permits substantial operating budget reductions. (*$360. mill.* )

*Antisubmarine carrier forces.* According to Pentagon specialists, these forces are known to have severely limited capability in their military function, casting grave doubt on the worth of continuing them. (*$400 mill.*)

*Amphibious forces and Fast Deployment Logistics Ships (FDL).* The amphibious forces are grossly overbuilt and presumably oriented to a Western hemisphere interventionist war mission. The FDL's are part of an expanded Vietnam wars program, and could be eliminated without reducing a massive military capability. (*$500 mill.*)

*C5-A jet transport.* Further production of this plane, which has been specifically designed to transport large numbers of troops for the Pentagon's worldwide policing and Vietnam wars program, should be dropped. (*$500 mill.*)

*Military assistance.* For some time it has been apparent that the U.S. military assistance program has been a major factor in encouraging and sustaining dictatorial and backward regimes in many countries. This outlay has no demonstrable relation to the defense of the United States. (*$610 mill.*)

*New naval ship construction.* We are informed in the federal budget for fiscal year 1970 that "The largest single 1970 increase proposed for General Purpose Forces is for a new ship construction program for our naval forces of $2.4 billion total obligational authority." Such enormous expenditures for naval forces are justifiable only in terms of the 3-wars-at-once military perspective. (*$2,400 mill.*)

*Economies in training.* A former Pentagon staffer (Office of Comptroller) recommended changes in training methods that would reduce costs appreciably. (*$50 mill.*)

*Improved buying procedures.* A series of straightforward steps can apparently produce major savings in Pentagon buying—by curtailing the expensive pattern of cost-overruns. (*$2,700 mill.*)

*U.S. NATO forces.* Pentagon staff indicate the feasibility of reducing forces in Europe by 125,000 and their backup by 50,000 men (@ $10,000 per man year). (*$1,750* mill.)

I would like to mention two more areas in which budget reductions should be effected—that is, military construction and the F-14 aircraft.

*Military construction.* The Budget for FY 1970 schedules diverse projects which require new military construction. Secretary of Defense Laird proposed a reduction of the $1,948 million military construction item by $634 million, leaving $1,314 million. This should be further reduced in order to limit the continued over-expansion of unnecessary military forces within the United States and abroad. (*$1,000 mill.*)

*F-14 aircraft.* Funds have been budgeted for the Navy's program for constructing a new class of fighter planes to be carried by its major aircraft carriers. These aircraft are of doubtful worth since there is no opposing force with comparable fleets of carriers against which they might operate. In addition, the enlargement of the carrier aircraft force involves a major addition to preparations for further Vietnam-type wars, This alone is the issue with respect to this aircraft (not whether the design is right, or the contractor competent). (*$834 mill.*)

### *In Conclusion*

I have now reviewed many items in the military budget for Fiscal Year 1970. I have shown how each one can be reduced or eliminated in order to sustain our military "sufficiency" without adding to our overkill forces or continuing wasteful practices. These recommendations make possible savings of *$54,200 million,* leaving a still-immense military budget of $27 billion for a sufficiency U.S. defense force before disarmament. The difference between $27 and $81 billion is the overkill and the Vietnam war program, and the continued expansion of the Pentagon's decision-power. That is the issue.



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# THE COUP THAT NEVER WAS

*Defending legality with garbage trucks*

MARCIO MOREIRA ALVES

Seldom have the mechanics of a barracks coup and the counter-action of popular resistance worked so smoothly as in the October 21 revolt of two Santiago regiments which threatened the stability of South America's most entrenched democracy—Chile's Christian-Democrat regime under President Eduardo Frei.

The military revolt, commanded by General Roberto Viaux, a career officer cast into precocious retirement a week before by Executive Decree on account of his pleading for better salaries and hardware for the Army, failed mainly because of three factors: (a) the Chilean respect for its political institutions is such that the rebels didn't dare to seize power and present a program; (b) President Frei and a few dozen close friends decided to shoot it out at the Presidential Palace even if denied military support; (c) there was enough time to control radio communications and call for popular demonstrations and a general strike.

Traditional French antimilitarism has it that soldiers do nothing but at least do it early. Again this was true in Chile. At six o'clock, on a normal Tuesday morning, a delegation from the officers that had already seized the Tacna Armored Regiment went to General Viaux's Santiago home and asked him to lead a national Army uprising for better salaries and weapons. Having been removed from his command in the Northern town of Antofagasta and called to Santiago only the previous day, the general accepted, allegedly to keep things under control and give the revolt a responsible leadership. On arriving at the Tacna Regiment, only a few blocks from the presidential palace, he received the support of the neighboring school for non-commissioned officers. A loose string of unwarlike conscripts was thrown around the barracks area and two rusty pre-World War II tanks were laboriously moved in front of the main gate. No attempt was made to take the palace, a prime ritual in most Latin American military takeovers, to control radio and TV communication or to hunt down labor leaders. Rebel nerve and support just did not expand.

Except for the notice of passers-by the rebellion was unknown until nine o'clock. Business went on as usual and the leaders of the Christian Democratic Party and the leftist coalition were caught in bed by the news. Not even the leaders of the rightist National Party, which had been inciting a military takeover as second best to the election of their presidential candidate, Jorge Alessandri, seemed aware of the happenings. Opposition party leaders were all alerted by calls from Patricio Rojas, minister for Justice and Interior Affairs, and were, at first, quite undecided as to their reaction. To rally to the defense of government institutions, as the minister asked, would give President Frei and his party enormous strength which might be later turned against them in the presidential elections. To refuse support would perhaps help to undermine constitutional guarantees, essential for the survival of the left.

Meanwhile, the rebels issued their first manifesto declaring loyalty to the political institutions of Chile, to President Frei and to the principles of civilian rule. It called for the dismissal of the Minister of Defense and the General Commander of the Army who, they claimed, no longer commanded anything (at the time, the rebels were counting on the backing of 85 percent of the troops). The only goal of the uprising, they insisted, was to solve the financial and material problems of the armed forces. In short—the uprising was not a revolution, only a strike.

President Frei didn't take things so lightly. Though momentarily caught by surprise on the timing, he had ample foreknowledge of military unrest. When the crisis came, he went to the nation and called the people to the defense of legality. The call was heard and answered from one end of the long Chilean strip of land to the other.

Military grievances had been publicized since September. The miserable financial situation of professional soldiers was recognized by all. Squeezed between its own anti-inflationary policies and the need to give the military some relief, the government offered a small loan—approximately $100 for a higher officer, as little as $10 for the common soldier—to be deducted from their salaries over a 30-month period. Obviously this didn't solve any problems and created new ones. A few younger police officers refused to accept the loan and were subsequently punished.

Military preparedness was another issue that rankled Chilean officers. While Argentina is receiving the first of a series of modern French AMX tanks, the same that Israel used so successfully during the six-day war, while

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Peru is the proud owner of a squadron of Mirage supersonic bombers, Chile's weapons are quite obsolete, except for a small naval superiority over Peru.

The Chilean episode could have developed into a classical confrontation of military power against massive civilian resistance. In fact, the rebels could have grabbed power, but the country would have been impossible to rule.

President Frei was incredibly inattentive to the military complaints during the last few months. But when the crisis arrived, he displayed the political adroitness that got him the presidency by the largest plurality in his country's history.

Half an hour after a rallying radio speech, a crowd of fifteen thousand gathered around the palace. Assailing troops would have had to shoot their way to the palace, a very un-Chilean act. Truckload after truckload of peasants, workers, squatters, students, began to appear. Finally, Santiago's garbagemen surrounded the palace square with their lorries, providing an effective odorous shield.

Shortly before noon an unexpected voice blared on the transistors. Communist Congressman Luis Figueroa, president of Chile's largest labor confederation, was speaking on behalf of the institutions. He made it clear, however, that the left was not directly supporting the bourgeois government it had so often attacked. Instead he urged a general strike with the occupation of plants by the workers to protect their own rights and liberties. Soon this stand was backed by an official communiqué signed by the other members of the left. The order was quickly obeyed. All over Chile the occupations began. Meanwhile, students were also entrenching themselves in their schools and universities, and peasants blocked the roads with their tractors. Every main square became a political forum. Mobilization against the coup d'état, which everyone felt would benefit the right, became so great that even the reactionary National Party felt obliged to disclaim any rebellious purposes. A few of its representatives went to La Moneda to pledge loyalty and ran the risk of being mobbed. They were stoned with coins —a tribute to their economic power—and one got a broken nose.

Loyal troops surrounding the rebels' barracks let it be known they would not shoot their colleagues. They were, in fact, sympathetic to their own financial problems, but disagreed about the treasonous method of protest. The rebels proclaimed their apolitical stand and pacific mood. General Viaux had four press conferences during the day. Officers went in and out at will. Soon the site was the best tourist attraction in Santiago. Women pushing their babies, priests, neighbors, students, mingled with the defensive lines. Soldiers helped policemen solve some traffic jams. A few enterprising kids sold ice cream to both sides.

National mobilization, announced by radio, began to sap the rebels' morale. In an afternoon communiqué, General Viaux disclaimed any connection with political parties and said that his movement could not be against students, labor unions, or popular organizations "for the Army is the people itself." At nine, the only bloody accident happened: a group of students tried to storm one of the barracks' lateral walls. Fourteen were shot, but no one was killed.

Blood created fears. Both the rebels and the government started to move faster towards an agreement. It was finally reached at dawn. General Viaux was to submit to a court martial, together with forty leading rebels, after passing his command to a loyal officer. On the other hand, the government would give the military an immediate raise, sack the Defense Minister and, later, the Commander in Chief of the Army, and consider buying some modern weapons.

Who won? Probably both major parties concerned. The rebels had most of their complaints satisfied. The government showed the force of Chile's political institutions and the firmness of its President. The Christian Democratic Party gained new breath and will probably climb from the low ebb of popularity into which it had fallen. The left emerged with gains. As in Italy, where the Communist Party still cannot form a government but can easily paralyze the country, it showed that a reactionary government would not survive for long in Chile. The Army also gained, for it showed its strength and perhaps acquired a dangerous taste for power politics. This was the first time it interfered in the institutional balance of the country in the last 37 years. If one considers the professional frustration of Latin America's military, an untapped reservoir of trained men, the examples of Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Brazil, where the Generals rule, the political aloofness of the Chilean military seems a titanic effort of restraint.

Who lost? Specifically, no one faction except perhaps the reactionary forces inside the National Party. On the whole, however, the great loser was the populist experience in government. Chilean society is no longer able to distribute its revenues without biting deeply into the privileges of the financial élite. Though the country has Latin America's highest income tax and in spite of Frei's efforts to handle a good but limited agrarian reform, the centers of economic power are still untouched and in the hands of a very few. The possibilities of negotiating between conflicting class interests are ending.

Chile's economic ills are the midwives of new régimes. In the future, a center government is improbable. Either the right or the left will have to assert its force within a new institutional framework.

A peculiar footnote: apparently American imperial interests did not play any role in this rehearsal for a military coup. A cable from Washington simply stated that the CIA had been aware of the military unrest for quite some time. But so had everybody.



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# A WALK THROUGH THE 13TH CENTURY

*Mount Athos, a society where the clocks have no hands*

JOHN L. HERLIHY

On the upper right-hand side of Greece, three narrow peninsulas jut into the transparent Aegean Sea like aged cows udders or a paralyzed hand. One of these protuberances is the Greek Orthodox monastic Republic of Mount Athos. An autonomous section of the Greek state until last August, Mount Athos has retained within its natural walls of mountain and forest a tradition and way of life that has elsewhere become extinct. Sacred laws, preserved by the elderly monks, protect the clerical fortress. For close to ten centuries, each monastery was a self-ruling body with its own elections. Now the generals have reappropriated the holy enclosure as part of the Greek state.

Twenty monasteries dating from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries are scattered about irregularly on a strip of land 30 miles long and 5 miles wide. For that matter, it could still be the thirteenth century. The monks have faithfully kept the Julian calendar which limps thirteen days behind our Gregorian timetable.

There are no hotels, no restaurants, no hint of twentieth century life. The buildings are equipped to a minimum with electricity, but it is hardly ever used. The toilets are ingenious, if not primitive. An oval hole is carved into the cement floor of a small room, then a 200 foot drop into a cavernous foundation where a river conveniently flows to carry away any waste. The food is basic and tasteless. The way of life would discourage the most ardent believer. At best, it's stark. Theoretically, women have never set foot in the religious confine and strict entrance laws maintain this rule. Eggs, milk, and cheese are also banned because of their original female source.

If a cow has accidentally strayed into the region, no one knows of it. There's little chance of strays of any kind. Geographically, the area is rough, mountainous, and almost inaccessible. Twenty miles before the last town of Oranopoulos where the peninsula begins, the road abruptly ends. My Fiat 500 complained, but managed to struggle down the sinuous path to the last village. Occasionally, a village or a cluster of huts appeared at the base of a sunburnt hill. Whole families labored together in the fields. The children teased the goats and chased the cows. Young men sat weaving nets by the shore. Old men drank Turkish coffee and watched the movement of the sea.

From Oranopoulos, I took a fishing boat to the port of Dafni, where the necessary letters were examined. I had first received a letter of permission from the American Consulate in Thessalonike where I explained I was a history teacher. I was told that the monks feared thieves and vagrants, therefore the screening was necessary. Then at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs a severe-looking woman dwarfed behind a huge desk in an otherwise empty room ordered me to sit while she examined the credentials. Finally, the police gave their stamp of approval. Only then could I enter the sanctuary. In short, a visit to Athos is not recommended by the Greek government nor by the monks themselves to the casual tourist.

From Dafni a bus climbed a mountain to the only city on the peninsula, Karyes. From there, I was on my own, free to wander as I wished. I wandered more than I wished. Small paths worked their way from monastery to monastery in a labyrinth of trails. I was soon lost. At the outset, a swarm of weird hornets peculiar to the spot circled me and never left. Later, some Greeks told me the seventh sting is fatal. A wide-brimmed straw hat kept the one hundred degree Greek sun from my head. Wild bulls who weren't accustomed to disturbance barred the path at one point. After several hours of waiting, carefully hidden from their view, I was able to continue. Wild boar snorted in the valleys. Snakes, scorpions and lizards wriggled out from every corner and occasionally from trees. The sight of a hornet stinging an enormous beetle convinced me of the nature of my surroundings.

The second day I walked ten hours from one monastery to the next with only a vaguely outlined map as a guide. Halfway along, I came across a farm worked by hermits who were apparently independent of the monasteries. Mutely, they offered me bread and water. Later, they told me that the next monastery was a six-hour walk along the coast.

In the afternoon, the peak intensity of the sun had passed, but the heat still surrounded me like a thick rope. My mouth parched. My lips chapped. I had never before endured such choking thirst. Intervals of rest spaced every hour were soon spaced every five minutes. At seven that evening, exhausted and slightly shaking, I saw the motherhouse, the Grand Lavra, on the horizon. Tucked like a motherless child into the base of Mount

JOHN L. HERLIHY *is a young American writer presently living in Germany.*



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Athos, at the far end of the peninsula, the monastery appeared like a blurred but open hand from the heart of nowhere.

At closer view, the Grand Lavra stood as a massive remnant of a forgotten past. Its crusted wood frame rested on top of a wall of ancient rock that originally blockaded pirates and treasure-hunters. And with good reason. Within the walls, the monks guard priceless treasures as if the threat of roving thieves were still real. The outer skeletal frame contained the chambers and living quarters for the old monks. Colossal doors hand-carved from wood opened into the inner courtyard. One of the monks even suggested that the gold-plated doors came from the palace of Knossos. Knossos or not, it could have been middle ages Europe revisited.

Inside the walls, time had stopped. At times a monk would limp by, pause for a moment to stare suspiciously, hunch over, then move off again without saying a word. A stone lookout tower rose high above the top of the monastery. In the center of the courtyard stood the church whose interior walls were covered with mosaics. An old refectory, now in disuse, had paintings on every wall; but more remarkable were the carved circular tables and benches. An ancient library housed hand-written,

brown-edged, museum piece manuscripts. In the church, icons and paintings hung on every wall and pillar. Curiously, the monks had hung ornaments around the icons —a bizarre juxtaposition. The whole scene was unreal, like a resurrected Byzantine city-state.

But apart from history, art and pirates, the residents of Mt. Athos were fascinating in themselves. Hidden from society, these self-righteous, lonely old men have built an existence on religion and solitude. They always kept a distance from me. Only one monk was notably sociable, telling me of his brother in Detroit. The others were somewhat rude.

Often the things I had come especially to see were behind locked doors. In general, the monks ignored me, going back and forth in the musty corners of the monastery without greeting and offering practically no assistance. They offered a sparse meal of soup and noodles with bread hard enough to crack a tooth. Eating was a ritual worth seeing however. A reader spoke the ancient



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Greek psalms like a prophet. At certain points in the reading, the monks ate, at others they drank. Each evening a small cell was provided similar to those of the monks.

The main source of revenue comes from olive oil, nuts and icons. Each recluse devotes part of the day to work, while at least eight hours must be spent in prayer in the chapel. Most of the monks have been in seclusion since their youth. A former custom isolated young boys on the Mount where they were reared in the womanless society of prayer and self-sacrifice without interruption. In such a society where the clocks have no hands and the indicators of time are the sun and moon, an atmosphere of timelessness has developed for a group of men that is neither a part of the past nor the future.

What is to become of this monastic society whose life has remained as basic and primitive as the creaking walls in which they live? Most of the monks are old. I saw three or four under 40. They had flowing beards and long hair that they rolled up into a knot. The number of religious has slowly but steadily diminished, and little has been done to lure the young. One of the monasteries, a massive feat of Russian Byzantine style, was originally constructed for 3,000. It now houses 30. The original appeal and call to devotion have clearly gone. Perhaps what I saw was the last fading frown of the middle ages.

# BOOKS

## *Bernadette and the clashing values of old and new Ireland*

### *The Price of My Soul*

BERNADETTE DEVLIN

*Knopf, $5.95*

**PHILIP TRACY**

The Irish are a sad race really. Their humor comes from the gallows and too many visits to graves of loved ones. Ask an Irishman what kind of person he is and he'll tell you of his grandmother, or his family lineage, or name you some town he hasn't stepped foot in for the last 50 years. The Irish are cursed by a constant need to explain the present by giving details of the past. For the past hangs heavy on the Irish. Their history is full of blood and hate, of ancient feuds and heroes hanged, of battles lost and land stolen and leaders who always betray them.

The mortality rate among Irish leaders has always been strikingly high. Since Irishmen measure their public officials by using the Almighty as a yardstick, few politicians manage to survive a life of public service without being branded a traitor, coward, or fool. Seeking elected office in Ireland is an act of courage by itself.

Bernadette Devlin seems aware of the liabilities that attend her present profession. At one point in her book she observes, "But the plotters in the end will win. In the end it will be the people who voted for me who will stand in my way, prevent me from working my beliefs, and generally sling me out on my neck." Young, a female, a committed socialist, Bernadette seems to have more handicaps than most of her fellow politicians.

But Bernadette Devlin represents a new thrust in Irish politics. She was born after the Second World War and her knowledge of Ireland's civil war comes from textbooks and folklore. Many of the old arguments and old solutions seem stale and lifeless to her. She grew up in a world where newspapers and radio brought daily word of the outside world; where music and records from England and America told of different values and a different way of life. The old order, with its intolerant, mutually exclusive religious ghettos strikes her as obsolete and self-defeating.

Her book is an effort to show how the clashing values of the old and the new have shaped her life and the lives of her own generation. She says in the Foreword, "I have written this book in an attempt to explain how the complex of economic, social and political problems of Northern Ireland threw up the phenomenon of Bernadette Devlin." It also details her fight to break out of the rigid patterns of Irish political stagnation.

Miss Devlin was born in Cookstown, in County Tyrone, which is one of the six counties of Northern Ireland. A friend of Miss Devlin once described the town as "One huge road about three miles long and there's no houses beyond the street. You walk a block on either side of the road and you're in a bog." The town she pictures is full of petty feuds and lingering resentments. Her mother married "someone below her station," and for the first ten years of her life Bernadette never visited her grandmother's home, which was less than a mile away.

At Queens College, Belfast, to which Bernadette won a scholarship, she encountered another familiar Fenian flaw, the Irish political talkathon. At first severely afflicted with the illness herself ("Politics for me meant debate, not action") she nonetheless came to recognize the futility of endless discussions in which the overriding assumption was that the speakers were involved in a scholarly exercise. "In none of the political parties could I find anything to believe in. They all went in for an intellectual type of discussion that had no relevance to any kind of society I knew. They tried to be very sophisticated, working out policies and invit-



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ing guest speakers down; but they weren't real. You got the impression that they didn't really care what went on outside the university, so long as they had plenty to say."

In the autumn of 1968 the normal pattern of Irish daily life was suddenly interrupted by the first civil rights march. Miss Devlin attended, like so many others, more out of curiosity than conviction. "Civil-rights march! Excellent idea! It's about time somebody did something about the situation in Northern Ireland." Although the first march had a carnival atmosphere, the second ended in a bloody battle with the police and started Miss Devlin on the road to a political career.

Although her book details the growth and setbacks of the civil-rights movement with clarity and wit, there is something curiously lacking throughout the work. She says in the foreword that her book "is neither an autobiography, or a political manifesto," which it isn't. Nor is it a history of the civil-rights movement in the strict sense of the term. Her work, in fact, falls somewhere outside the pale of all these definitions; part autobiographical but never really personal, part chronicle but lacking the detail and continuity of a diary, part political analysis but lacking depth or consistency. The book is like a literary smorgasbord. It suffers from too many conflicting messages.

One element which keeps the work from becoming a mishmash of related ideas is Miss Devlin's natural style and her use of idioms and anecdotes to enliven and emphasize her story. She is unpretentious, original and never resorts to the verbose, self-serving justifications we have come to expect from the pens of most political figures.

Miss Devlin is skeptical of her future role in Irish politics. She assumes that sooner or later her constituency will disown her rather than accept her radical view of the political process. It can only be hoped that her vision is blurred in this case, for the loss of someone so frank and so fresh would be a grave setback to the emerging rebels of modern Ireland.

## *Sick Friends*

IVAN GOLD

*Dutton, $6.95*

**LEONARD KRIEGEL**

On the surface, at least, Ivan Gold's *Sick Friends* is a novel about the obsession that a New York writer in his mid-thirties, Jason Sams, author of a highly-praised book of short stories, develops for an Armenian girl, Christa Sarkassian. That the novel is more or less autobiographical is fairly obvious; Gold is in his mid-thirties, like Jason he is bearded, and he is the author of *Nickel Miseries,* a highly-praised collection of short stories published in 1963.

Whether this matters or not is something else again: few of us, I assume, are particularly interested in the "real" Henry Miller. No, what we demand of the writer of autobiographical fiction is that he make his ghosts ours as he lays them to rest, that his choice of jungle, to use a much-overused word, be *relevant* to our time and terror. And this, it seems to me, is exactly what Gold has managed to do in *Sick Friends,* for what he says about the relationships created by those in their mid-thirties is not only depressing but may go a long way towards explaining why we feel so much guilt about those who followed us (for some of us, including Jason Sams, our students). It is not merely politics that accounts for our guilt. For the story of Jason Sams is one more indication that we were silent about everything but ourselves, and about ourselves we lied.

The movement in Gold's novel, like the movement in the lives about which he writes, is circular. It goes nowhere, and if, at the novel's end, the "blocked" writer can once again write, the victory is Pyrrhic, for he still cannot feel, not at least about and for another. Nor can Christa, nor for that matter, can any of the other characters in the novel. For this novel is about "relationships," with all that our psychoanalytic jingoism has made of that word. The love affair between Jason and Christa epitomizes the failure of a generation which, for all its talk about love, has been stuck for its entire lifetime in that land where manhood is no more than the imposition of self and sex on another human being, where the masculine ideal is to count conquests in much the same manner as children in the Bronx record their chestnut season victories, and where permanence is reduced to "involvement" and involvement is to be avoided at all costs.

Gold portrays Jason and Christa as deserving of each other, for men so free to gaze at their navels as they contemplate the all-consuming "I" are equaled by women who wish to suckle not children but an all-consuming "me." If Christa is a bitch, then how do we describe Jason? And if free women are intent on emasculating free men, then the men are guilty of having created women in the image of their own fantasies. And so we return to the Victorianism of Freud's time, with this significant exception, that now we *know* more about our emotions as we undress and join the peep show, but we still do not enjoy what we do to ourselves.

Jason and Christa keep diaries, not to shelter some private selves but to trap each other, to inflict wounds. Jason is writing a novel about a friend (who is, we suspect, writing a novel about him); he is sleeping with a girl, Christa, who has been sent to him by another friend whose mistress Christa had once been (the sign in Katz's delicatessan on the Lower East Side, Jason Sams' own territory: "Send a salami to your boy in the army."); both Jason and the friend about whom he is writing his novel go to the same analyst, the prepot generation's arbiter of the soul whose job it was to absorb the fury and sounds into a quiet nothingness. Jason, blocked because he cannot give of himself, discovers that his analyst, too, is interested but distant. He, too, seeks "relationships," and he is simply an honest reflection of what Jason and his generation deserve. The sexual strategists pore over their maps of approach and Herr Dr., like some aging field marshal, asks the classroom questions. All relationships are tortuous, and the



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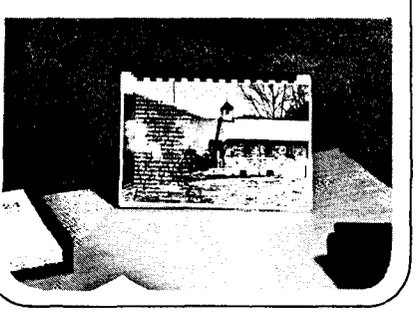

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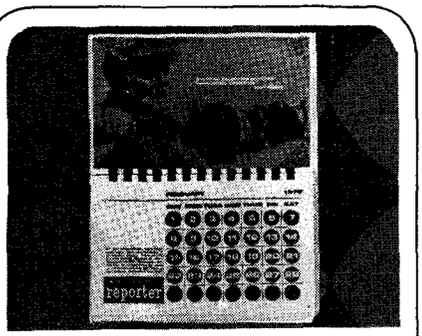


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most tortuous of all is that with the Herr Dr.

God, theologians tell us, is simply no longer talking back. Apparently, he does not seek a relationship.

*Sick Friends* is about people so involved with the self that to break out of that self into another individual's life represents a threat that must be destroyed, if for no other reason than that to probe relationships becomes one's *raison d'être*. And what is love without a microscope for the emotions. The novel may be filled with a great deal of sexual grunting and groaning, but it remains a novel in which sex has itself become the *reductio ad absurdum* of existence, a way in which the snake, instead of shedding his skin, simply disappears into his coils.

There is much that is wrong with this novel. For one thing, it is too long; for another, the characters who form integers in this cipher of neurotics at times exist only as foils for Jason to play off against his investigation into Christa's insides; for a third, Gold is a truly gifted writer who sometimes cannot resist his insistence on detail and classification and his tendency toward the glib ("It was a Dale Carnegie special"). He is also too prone to reach for the colloquial comforts of Yiddish. "I knew *bupkas* about the Warsaw Ghetto."

But *Sick Friends* is a powerful novel in which emotional and narrative content join in the same circle. It thrusts its sense of intimate confusion upon the reader. When we travel with Jason Sams we discover that Father Freud, of all people, has been turned into just another Prufrock. And in some haunted Viennese mansion a ghost is shaking his head as he stares at Jason and Christa and all of us and says, "That is not what I meant at all. That is not it, at all."

## Religion in the Year 2000

ANDREW M. GREELEY

*Sheed & Ward, $4.95*

**PAUL HANLY FURFEY**

Essentially this book consists of two parts, one negative and one positive.

The first, and negative, part of the book considers the following *secularization hypothesis*: "The spirit of the contemporary world is hostile to traditional religion and particularly to the sense of the sacred, and both religion and the sacred are declining in influence both in society as a whole and in the lives of individual members." This hypothesis seems to be accepted as fact by a surprisingly large number of people, including religious people. To some, it is self-evident. The religious worldview is being replaced by the scientific; and this process is proceeding at an accelerating rate.

Father Greeley examines the secularization hypothesis in the light of empirical data. He is too expert in the field of social surveys to overestimate the validity of data of this sort. It is very hard to draw a strictly random sample, in the mathematical sense, of the whole population of the United States. It is doubtful that short questions and answers can tell the whole story about the respondent's religious attitudes and practices. Sometimes the questions are grossly unfair. For example, in one widely quoted survey, respondents were asked if they believed in "a personal God." Certainly most people would be likely to understand the phrase not in the highly technical theological sense, but in the sense of an anthropomorphic God with human emotions. Therefore it seems grossly unrealistic to classify one answering "No" as an atheist. However, the most serious difficulty in testing the secularization hypothesis in the light of survey data is that the surveys are all fairly recent. To study trends we would need comparable data from fifty or a hundred years ago.

The survey results, if imperfect, are at least interesting and suggestive. The data are too complex to be cited here; but the following are typical: According to a survey, almost all Catholics and Protestants believe in God, more than nine-tenths believe in the Trinity, almost four-fifths believe in life after death. Three-quarters of the Protestants and four-fifths of the Catholics are classified as active church members. A comparison of Christians in the 18-25 age group with those over 25 showed the former group no less orthodox than the latter. Graduate students at twelve top universities showed some tendency to give up the religion in which they had been reared; the tendency was strong among Protestants, slight among Catholics. A comparison between graduate students in the "hard" sciences with those in arts and letters did not show any marked tendency for the science students to attend church less frequently than the others.

What do the results just quoted—and the other results quoted in the book—show? Actually, they are too imperfect and too scattered to demonstrate anything. Father Greeley therefore brings in a Scottish verdict of "not proven" for the secularization hypothesis. Survey results do not satisfactorily disprove it; but they most certainly do not prove it. The hypothesis therefore remains an unsupported opinion.

The second part of the book is positive. It gives the author's projections of present religious trends into the next century. Of course such projections cannot be proved scientifically. They are only educated guesswork; but we *must* have projections if we are to plan for the future at all. To the reviewer, it seems that Father Greeley does an excellent job in this part of his book. The following are a few of his projections:

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

**REVIEWERS**

PHILIP TRACY, a New York freelance writer, traveled with Bernadette Devlin's national tour.

LEONARD KRIEGEL is a professor of English at City College of New York.

MONSIGNOR PAUL HANLY FURFEY is the author of *The Morality Gap* (Macmillan).

MARY KEOHANE has taught in ghetto schools in Los Angeles and Chicago. She is presently directing the teacher-education program at Shimer College in Illinois.

FATHER BRUCE VAWTER, C.M., associate editor of The Catholic Biblical Quarterly, has published several books on Scripture, including *Path Through Genesis* and *The Gospels*.



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The theology of the future will be particularly concerned with "personality, sexuality, community, death, language, non-Western religious traditions, and the history of religion." There will be a better dialogue between the theologians and the social and physical scientists.

"Full-time parochial clergy may diminish in relative proportion to part-time specialized or limited-term clergy." Even in the face of strong male opposition, "given the feminist movement, the number of women who are considered to be clergy will increase." There will be increased emphasis "on the recruitment and training of clergymen who are skilled in the expressive and affective modalities of behavior."

"There will be considerably more emphasis in religion on the nonrational than there is today. "As far as the liturgy is concerned," there will be a dramatic resurgence of the Dionysian" as opposed to the present more Apollonian emphasis. This new trend is parallel to the development of psychedelia in our younger generation.

"Religion will be much more concerned about small, intimate, fellowship congregations." Churches will become more democratic. There will be more religious tolerance.

The reviewer realizes sadly that this short review does not do justice to the book. His best advice, therefore, is to go and get a copy and read it from cover to cover.

### *The Lives of Children: the Story of the First Street School*

GEORGE DENNISON

*Random House $6.95*

**MARY KEOHANE**

George Dennison has written an impressive book. The authors of most contemporary works on education that are worth reading—I exclude the statistical stunts and technological tinkerings that pour, along with the perennial banalities, from the presses of the Educational Establishment—fall into three categories: the intellectuals from prestigious universities who want more academic achievement earlier, the utopian sentimentalists who cry Freedom is All, and the Angry Young Men who hit and run. Dennison shows traces of all three. He is an intellectual whose encounters with Whitehead, Rousseau, and especially Dewey have been genuine struggles, not shadow-boxing; he is a True Believer in Summerhill as he imagines it, though he sees the phoniness of some "Summerhill-type" schools he has actually visited; and he is an Angry Young Man who did not run, but gave himself completely to reach and teach the most unlikely prospects. Here lies the book's distinction.

For the children at First Street were not the brilliant, highly motivated youngsters of the University Laboratory Schools. Recruited by word-of-mouth from the immediate Lower East Side New York neighborhood where space (including art, shop and gym facilities) could be rented in an old "Y", all came

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from poor families, most were Puerto Rican or Negro, and practically all who were not beginners had been in deep trouble in the public schools. The number of children varied from nine to 23; there were four regular teachers. Dennison considers this spectacularly low pupil-teacher ratio the heart of the matter. It made it possible to absorb the disruptiveness of Maxine, aged nine, under threat of expulsion from the public school which could not tolerate her "obsession with sex," and to give brilliant Eléna the chance to progress from first- to fourth-grade reading in a year and a half. But the *Lives of Children* is not an uninterrupted sucess-story. Eléna's 13-year old brother Jóse never learned to read above the first-grade level, and probably lost his small gains when First Street School closed, and Stanley, whose readiness to pull a knife was only one symptom of his "routine brutality" and terrorism, finally had to be expelled. Dennison's complete honesty allows neither whitewashing of failure nor puffing of success. Reading the extracts from his Journal dated from December, 1964, to June, 1965, one tastes the blood, sweat and tears.

The school lasted for two rich and turbulent years before it closed for lack of funds. Appeals to the foundations produced no results; Dennison was later told that money would have been forthcoming for a "feasibility study" of such a school, complete with all the pretentious trappings of "premises," "controls," and "research personnel," but not for an actual school doing a real job. The mentality that values *talking about* more highly than *doing* prevailed once more.

Dennison includes practical instructions on how to start a mini-school, but he himself recognizes that First Street offers no model for a system of education. The obvious objection, expense, may be brushed off with references to the billions spent for wars and moon-shots, but it is more serious than the author admits. He estimates the cost per child per year at $850, about the same as in the New York public schools. This comes to $17,000 a year (for an average of 20 youngsters). Even with token rent, minimum materials, and volunteer instructors in music and dancing, this hardly provided subsistence wages for the four teachers. They worked for love, and involved their total lives with the children: "Our homes became adjuncts to the school." "Progressive education," writes Lawrence Cremin, "demanded infinitely skilled teachers, and it failed because such teachers could not be recruited in sufficient numbers." First Street demanded teachers of infinite patience, infinite physical endurance, and infinite love as well as infinite skill. At the end of the second year, says Dennison, "it was not merely the lack of money that closed the school. We ourselves were not strongly enough motivated to make the sacrifices that would sustain it." The present plight of the parochial schools illustrates the same inescapable truth: educational plans which assume staffing by talented saints are chimeras.

Nevertheless, *The Lives of Children* should be required reading for teachers, administrators, and all citizens concerned about their schools. It counteracts current technological fads by demonstrating once more the centrality of pupil-teacher relationships: "The children called upon us as persons," says Dennison, "and we responded as persons." His book is rich with example. Smallness helps, but the quality of the teacher makes far more difference than the size of the class, and any school with teachers like George Dennison would be a good school.

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## *Myth, Legend, and Custom in the Old Testament*

THEODORE H. GASTER

*Harper & Row, $20*

**BRUCE VAWTER**

Theodor Herzl Gaster is a Semitist of note, an eminent authority on myth and folklore, and a cultivated writer who prefers English to scholarly choctaw. These qualities he has demonstrated in many books and articles, most notably, perhaps, in his *Thespis,* a study of the ritual origins of the drama. Of late he has been engaged in updating the pioneering work achieved by Sir James Frazer in the areas of myth and ritual. In 1964 *The New Golden Bough* reduced Frazer's baker's dozen of volumes to some manageable and relevant limits, with important additions and corrections supplied by Gaster. The present book incorporates within itself chapters from Frazer's *Folklore in the Old Testament* but is mainly Gaster's own work. Rather than a re-presentation of Frazer it is Frazer *revenant,* the kind of book Frazer would have written in 1918 had he possessed Gaster's erudition of 1969.

And for this reason it is flawed. Like Frazer before him, Gaster has simply dumped his file cases on the table before us, and the bag that results is both mixed and grab. It may have been quite in order to join the safari of *The Golden Bough* down to "the Kabadi district of British New Guinea" ("the natives have a tradition") stopping off en route to sample the legends of "the Balantes on the left bank of the river Casamance in Senegal, not far from Sedhiou"—this was a hunting expedition in which the cultural and geographical improbabilities were part of the game. It is quite another thing to make the Old Testament a base camp where all these specimens must be sorted out. The material is fascinating when studied in its own right, but it can be dangerously misleading as a commentary on the Bible.

There is no doubt that many of the literary parallels are both relevant and enlightening. Most of those that are, however, such as the Ugaritic myths and the Mesopotamian cuneiform, have all



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been studied in relation to the Bible with results beyond those represented in this book. Gaster's voluminous notes, while often fulfilling his promise of citing the "more elusive" material, ordinarily pursue no scholarly debate beyond the middle or late '50s. Similarly, his biblical interpretation has very frequently taken no account of more recent developments. The book is not a reliable guide, for example, for what present-day scholarship is saying about the story of the tower of Babel, of Cain and Abel, the *seraphim* (in relation to the Nuzi evidence), the Joseph story, the oracles of Balaam, the fall of Jericho, Saul and the Gibeonites, etc. Non-specialists who do not know this may therefore be easily misled by a book like this. What was heady stuff in Frazer's time is now taken for granted, and seen in much better perspective. Perhaps there was once a point in assembling some fifty pages of deluge stories, including those from North America and Australia, to establish that the Bible followed some of the recognizable patterns of folklore. It is wrong to give the impression that most of this material sheds any light whatever on the origins or meaning of the biblical story. Worse, this kind of procedure can easily result in imposing a meaning on the Bible simply for the sake of the parallels.

On the other hand, surprisingly, Gaster has ignored much that he might have been expected to cite. The most recent parallel to the Shibboleth incident he finds in the Wat Tyler uprising of 1381, though there are perfectly good examples from World War II and even, closer to home, from the Arab-Israeli wars. He can sound temporally as well as spiritually of Frazer's generation when he speaks of "a modern story from the Balkans" (quoting from a book published in 1864) or of "a modern tale from Prussia" (dated 1837).

All who are interested in myth and folklore—and more should be who are not—will nevertheless find this a rewarding book. It does have much to reveal in commentary on contemporary society simply because it deals so much with the common human themes that have entered into all of man's life and religions, Christianity and Judaism along with the rest. Gaster's introduction alone is well worth reading. He brings out well the relation of myth to history, pointing out that while the Bible has often historicized myth, myth has also had an important role in making history meaningful and enduring. He warns against the misuse of his work. If it will be misunderstood, however, the misunderstanding will rise from the Frazerian method now continued.

## CORRESPONDENCE

*(Continued from page 267)*

that characteristic of the ordinary respectable church-goer.

This is not to say that the hippies have no faults, but simply that I am amazed that you could be so insensitive as to neglect this unfocused, confused, but nevertheless exceedingly vital expression of religion. God may be dead, but not with them! The church will neglect them at its peril; as it will if it ignores the whole group of disciplines which have as their goal, in the words of Father Gibson, "a breakthrough to a higher dimension of consciousness.'"

WALTER HOUSTON CLARK
Andover Newton Theological School

### *Rosemary's Letter*

Elizabeth, N.J.

*To the Editors:* Rosemary, Rosemary, ROSEMARY! [see Rosemary Ruether's letter, Nov. 7] Response in a massive political way by the slowly-aroused, slower-moving mainstream is the *result* of educational and prophetic forces originally set in motion by Isaiahs and Jeremiahs called Berrigan.

While you fruit-pickers savor the harvest of an aroused public opinion, congratulations, not lectures, are in order for the man who surveyed the land, plowed the ground, and planted the trees.

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